

THE MADERA COUNTY HISTORIAN

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MADERA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

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TULLY

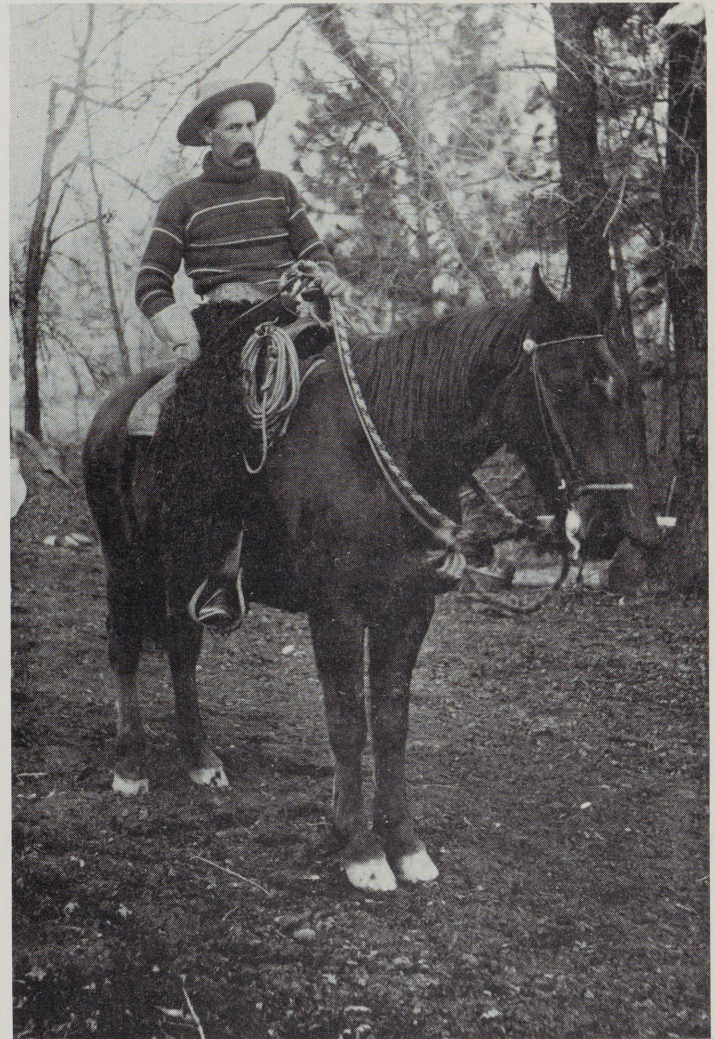
The Last of the First Sixty National Forest Rangers

By June English

A sixteen year old boy, Edward Calhoun Tully and his brother, Pinckney, left their frontier farm home in Arkansas in 1842 and adventured over the Southwest frontier. Young Edward joined the United States Army as an independent volunteer at Santa Fe, in 1847 and fought until the close of the Mexican War. No one remembers if Pinckney also joined, but they did not separate until after the War. Edward went to Chihuahua, Mexico, and worked in the custom house. His brother stayed in Santa Fe and today his descendants are citizens of New Mexico.

Maria Guadalupe Quintinar was an orphan and had been reared in the home of the great landholders of Chihuahua, the famous Terrazas family. Senorita Quintinar was related to the martyred President Madero. Young Tully courted and won her in 1849. Three of their eleven children were born in Mexico: Louis B., Edward A., and Frank P. Tully.

The twenty-seven year old American met James White in 1853. White had purchased a band of 20,000 sheep and offered half of the surviving band to the responsible and Spanish-speaking Edward Tully, if he would drive them to San Francisco. With Tully in charge, the Mexican herders drove the sheep through Indian-infested country to Los Angeles and up through the Salinas Valley to their destination. They arrived in San Francisco in 1854 and the band was divided.



Gene Tully in the costume he used before the Forest Service uniform.

Tully ranged his share of the flock from San Francisco to the Coast Range east of King City.

Mrs. Tully and her three small sons arrived in Gilroy in 1856. She had been escorted and protected by her brother, Frank De Alvarez of Santa Cruz, Mexico. She lived in Gilroy until sweet water was discovered in Bitterwater Valley and in 1860, the first adobe house was constructed near the fresh and sweet spring.

Edward Tully was a self-educated man. He spoke fluent Spanish, French, German and Portuguese. He read the law and passed the California bar. Tully was a famous host and the southern hospitality of his Memphis, Tennessee origin was freely given to all visitors. In 1857 he was elected Assemblyman from his district and three more times he was chosen by the people, serving last in 1888.

Descendants of the Tully and DeAlvarez families still occupy much of the original 20,000 acre estate. (1967)

Louis B. Tully, the first born son, married Ida Richardson, native of Suisun, Solano County, in 1874. They had three children: Eugene Frank, our oldest Ranger; Fred, a dentist in San Diego and Ida, whom many of the oldtimers who attended the Sugar Pine, Zebra or North Fork schools will remember as their very young teacher.

Eugene Frank, the first grandson of the Tully family, was born in Hollister on September 7, 1875. Tully smiles when he tells of this date, as he was born five months after the outlaw, Tiburcio Vasquez was hung in San Jose. The family remembers that Tully was born in that year. Bob Tully, brother of Edward Tully, was an attorney in Gilroy and he defended Vasquez. Frank De Alvarez interpreted at the trial. Tully has heard many personal stories about Vasquez that differ from history's reports. Most of the first Coast Range settlers respected the Californio and felt he had been wronged by being declared an outlaw for the offense for which he was first accused.

Gene Tully grew up to school age on the rancho and was sent to the Cherry Hill School in Panoche Valley. The rest of this story will be written as Tully told it to me.

* * * * *

I was attending the Cherry Hill School in Panoche Valley and about ten o'clock in the morning we were out in the yard when Louis Watson, hand for old Mrs. Mercy of the Mercy Ranch, (now Mercy Hot Springs) rode up and talked to me. He asked if I wanted a job. Mrs. Mercy had bought a 100 head of cattle and needed help to brand them. I told him I would go and I reached into the hall, picked up my hat and, as I had left my horse at the ranch, mounted up behind him and rode off without a word to the teacher. I was sixteen years old and I figured I was ready for the man's world and had enough schooling - a decision I was to regret the rest of my life. I worked a little over a week for Mrs. Mercy until the branding was done and went home to our own ranch. Nothing was said by my family and I worked on my father's ranch until 1894.

A man named Spangler, who had moved from Panoche Valley to a place near Madera, California, came back to visit his daughters. (Herrick Brown now owns what was then the Spangler place.) He was so enthusiastic about the Madera country that my folks went over to take a look. They came back and sold our place and we prepared to move. We started across the Plains on July 2, 1894, and driving our stock, we were two days reaching Firebaugh. We stayed there over the Fourth of July. We arrived at the George Bates ranch across the road from the uncompleted station, about one-half mile below the old Mudget place, on July 7th.

The Southern Pacific Railroad had built a railroad to Raymond and the efforts of George Bates to build an elaborate stage and freight stop on the Ralls Station, Zebra, Coarsegold road to Fresno Flats was all in vain. A few years later, I was in the Caruthers district and stopped at a way saloon to get a cool beer and water my team on a hot, hot day and behind the bar was George Bates. George died a few years later and his widow married a man named Adkinson.

I ran stock in the mountains in the summer and in the winter I worked, plowing fields on the Valley ranches. We had a freight team and hauled all over the Valley and mountains. We lived in this area about six years.

I went into business with Ed Hebron filling meat contracts for the mills around North Fork. I bought the stock and he butchered and delivered it. This was not a profitable

association and I was in debt at the finish, but I paid it all off. It was at Cascadel that I met Mary Searles, daughter of Judge Charles of Madera. She was a high school girl and a pretty little thing. We were married on December 25, 1898, and we lived in North Fork for many years.

I still ran stock in the mountains and worked my freight team, hauling lumber from Millwood to Fresno and supplies back up again. I was doing a lot of riding and I was tired and almost sick. I had been asked several times by Charles Howard Shinn, Supervisor of the newly created Sierra Reserve, to join the Service. The pay was only sixty dollars a month and a ranger had to buy all his equipment, horses and supplies. I was working hard and barely making a living for my family, so when, on this one hot day, I was unloading coal for the blacksmith and Mr. Shinn rode up and asked me again, I said to him, "Mr. Shinn, just as quick as I can get rid of this outfit!" I sold everything but pack stock and reported to him at the North Fork headquarters and signed up. This was in 1903 and I received my appointment from the Department of Interior in 1904.

One of the big troubles of the Service was the trespassing of sheep bands on the forbidden Yosemite Park lands. For years, there had been many a fight among the early cattle and sheep men to obtain "six-shooter leases" to summer ranges in the mountains. Cattlemen against sheepmen and sheepmen against sheepmen. There was no limitation to the amount of stock that ran the range and the Department of Interior felt that some control should be exercised. Most of the herders were Basquos (Basque) and they felt they had won the right to graze where they pleased. They went into Yosemite and the inexperienced soldiers stationed there usually could not find them and when they did drive them over the boundary, the herders would wait till the soldiers had gone and go right back in. The Forest Rangers had no authority to enter the Park but could take over the bands once they were outside.

This was my first assignment. Mr. Shinn ordered me to meet Doc Hogue and Boot Taylor at Beasore and help them patrol the Park boundary.

Doc Hogue and Boot Taylor were already in the Service when I signed up. Doc's initials were "A. H.". I never did know what they stood for but he was the brother of Sam L. Hogue, revenue man from Fresno. Sam Hogue bought the place that is now called Foster's Hogue Apple Ranch on the old French Trail to Mammoth. Doc married one of the five Nichol girls from Fresno Flats. I don't know where he came from. He was about forty when I first met him.

(Vandor's History of Fresno County gives a lengthy biography of Sam Hogue. He was the son of Thomas G. and Mary J. Reed, pioneer farmers of Warren County, Illinois. Mrs. Hogue died when Sam was seven. Thomas G. came across the plains in 1863 and settled in Nevada County and engaged in lumbering and mining. He came to Fresno Flats about 1870 with his oldest son, Alexander H. (Doc) Hogue. T. J. Hogue died in 1893.)

Doc Hogue was assistant to Mr. Shinn and represented him when Mr. Shinn was not available. He wasn't in this area very long. After we cleaned up the sheep trouble he was sent to duty up in Modoc and after a year or two, when the Inyo National Forest was created, he was made supervisor there. When he retired, with his wife and daughter, he moved to Oregon. I never heard from him after that. As near as I can remember, Ernest Britten, whose mother had a store at Three Rivers, succeeded him. Britten had been district man in the southeastern part of the Sierra National Forest.

Boot Taylor was born right here in the mountains, on Willow Creek, what was then Mariposa County. He was the son of old Bill Taylor. His name was W. B., the middle name was Bluford, and that is why he was called "Boot". He knew everyone and was well liked even when everyone was mad at the men in the Service for what they were trying to do. He was about Doc Hogue's age, maybe a little younger.

The Taylors had three boys and two girls. I remember how Mal, Boot's son, got his name. Mal went into the Forest Service, too, though I haven't heard about him for years. (Mal McLeod was Boot's brother-in-law.)

It was a stormy night when the baby decided to arrive in the world. Boot was



Fred, Ida Maud and Eugene Tully

district man in the Fresno Flats, Miami and Sugar Pine area and they were at Wawona. Ranger Mal McLeod worked with him there and Mal went to get the doctor at Sugar Pine. Mal went through the bad storm and Doc Byers came back with him. Boot decided to call his son Malcolm Byers Taylor, after the man who went for the doctor and the doctor who delivered him. Boot died in the Auberry Sanitarium in 1960 and is buried at Oakhurst along with his father and brothers, Jack and Burt. He was just worn out.

I usually worked with Charley O'Neal. He was a fine young man and we worked well together. We were about the same age. None of these men were afraid of anything that lived or didn't.

When I reported to Doc Hogue and Boot Taylor at Beasore I was beginning a tough life but one that gets into your blood and the only cure is to shoot the victim.

We spent that fall of 1904 waiting outside the Park boundary for the soldiers to drive out the sheep. We had no tents, only what equipment we had furnished ourselves. It was an early winter and bitterly cold. That following spring I went to Mr. Shinn with a plan. If he could get permission for me and one other man to go into the Yosemite Park, I could guarantee we would clear the Park of sheep in two years. We

waited a while until Mr. Shinn got the O. K. from higher up. I picked Charley O'Neal as we were used to working together and I knew I could count on him in a bad spot. We rode into the Park and talked to the soldiers and showed them our official permission. This was in the fall of 1905. The soldiers knew nothing of the forest, livestock or their habits. Charlie and I did. We would search, find signs and the band, call in the soldiers and they would herd the sheep to the boundary. There Doc Hogue and Boot Taylor would be waiting to take over the sheep. Through all late summer, we found and removed 22,000 sheep from the Park. We had more help on the outside as the flocks increased, to keep them in order, and to prevent their return. I was offered bribes to ignore the sheep in the Park until they could be taken down to the valley stubble fields in the late fall. On 60 dollars a month I was sorely tempted but I've never regretted refusing the money. There was no water and feed in the Valley until the late fall and the sheep would die. I didn't like this but I followed my orders, doing the best I could for the Service and the sheep.

In order to keep them moving to feed and to keep the herders busy we would chase twenty or thirty out of each band to about a half mile away, otherwise the dogs would drive them right back into the band. I was told to shoot the dogs, but I refused and warned the herders to tie the dogs to themselves. On the four mile trail from Beasore to Soquel we kept the sheep

moving. The front of the bands was in Soquel and the end of the line was still in Beasore.

The next year, in 1906, we found only half as many sheep in the Park and in 1907, we found only two bands. Not since that time have I heard of any illegal sheep in Yosemite Park. Our top man in the Service, Gifford Pinchot, sent me a letter of commendation for my work on the sheep problem, but without Charlie O'Neal and Boot Taylor it could not have been done.

In 1905, the Service was transferred to the Department of Agriculture and the Silver Badge that is worn today, was issued to us. I was put in charge of grazing for the whole Sierra National Forest. I issued permits for taking stock to the mountains, how many and where. My area comprised what is now six counties: Roaring River and Kings River on the south, to Cherry River in Tuolumne County on the north, east to Mono Lake and South to Monache Meadow at the southern end of what is now Inyo County. This circuit took me about six weeks, in the saddle, to cover. The place where I used to rest my animals in the high country is still called "Tully's Hole" on the maps.

It wasn't necessary for me to see the stock on the ranges. I could tell by the sign of the sheep bedding ground and evidence from the cattle if their assigned range was overstocked. My knowledge came from years of experience and observation with livestock and grazing. Everyone wanted to range more stock but I had to judge how many could fatten on summer range in a dry year, without over-grazing. When there were good summer rains and good grass, the stockmen would complain they could have run more stock. But, what if it hadn't rained? They could come out sick and thin.

The only tool we had to fight fire was the one invented by Mal McCloud. It combined a heavy-pronged rake on one side and a hoe on the other, attached to one handle. We could easily carry this on horseback. I call it our first "bulldozer". Everything else we furnished ourselves.

It was a hard, lonely and sometimes dangerous life. Sudden illness, a fall, weather, slides and the threatened vengeance of a resentful stockman made the early Rangers always watchful.

Charlie O'Neal was Ranger for the North Fork District. Boot Taylor had the Fresno Flat to Yosemite district. Noel Westfall was in the Mariposa District until he was kicked in the stomach by a horse and died. Mal McLeod was Ranger in Taylor's district and became district man in the Mariposa after Noel Westfall was killed. Ernest Britten had the southern district.

The duty of a Forest Ranger in those days, was spotting and fighting forest fires, timber and timber sales, making and clearing trails.

In those days I was called "the diplomat" of the Sierra National Forest. They called me in to settle disputes over grazing rights. I would listen to both sides and calmly suggest a solution to the problem, without taking sides. My decision was listened to and my advice followed. Saved a lot of trouble for everyone.

Charley O'Neal and I were fire-watching and trail-clearing at Shuteye. There was no feed there so we made camp at Billy Brown Meadow about a mile below. We would sit on our horses by turns for about two hours and watch for fires, then the other would come up on Shuteye and the fire-watcher would go down and clear rocks from the trail below. There were no look-outs then and the only sitting we did was on our saddles.

One day we spotted a fire over toward Crane Valley (Bass Lake) on Goat Mountain. While Charlie packed and cleared camp I fried some bacon and made six dutch oven biscuit sandwiches and away we rode to the fire. For two days and three nights we cut fire trail below the fire. Jack Nunn had come along a short while before we finished and was helping us. We had eaten the six biscuit sandwiches long ago and we were starving. The O'Neal family was camped over in the Hole about two miles away. We finished the firebreak and started for the O'Neal camp to get some food and sleep. We heard a yell behind us and Mr. Shinn and Doc Hogue rode up and Mr. Shinn gruffly asked us where we were going. We told him about our firebreak and how long we had been working on it. He said that they had spotted the fire last night and they had moved around us in the dark and had gone up to the fire about a half mile above us. They had tried to smother the fire and they were going for help. They had been working all night while we had dug the fire

break, which eventually stopped the course of the fire. A lot of wasted effort on their part. He told us to go ahead and we did.

I was in the Forest Service for twelve years and, one day I just rode out and went back to ranching in the Valley. During World War I, I returned and left again. In 1933 I returned again to help run the Civilian Conservation Corps in the Mendocino National Forest. I retired in 1938, for good, this time. But, as I said, the only cure for this love of the Service is to shoot the victim, so I guess I'll have to suffer a while longer.

(As told by Gene Tully to June English, January, 1967.)

* * * * *

Eugene (Gene) Tully

Mr. Tully is now 91 years old and at present is the Curator of the Fort Miller Blockhouse Museum in Roeding Park, Fresno, California.

His sister Ida, you will recall, is mentioned in the Historian, Vol. VI, No. 2. She was the wife of John Marion Jones, who came to Madera with Sam Owens in 1885. Jones was Sheriff of Madera County from 1903-1910.

Mrs. Dulce Tully Rose of Fresno is the daughter of Gene Tully. Mrs. Rose is a member of both the Fresno and Madera County Historical Societies. She frequently assists as hostess at the "Kearney Mansion" in Kearney Park in Fresno, California.

* * * * *

Peace Cabin

By Marcia M. Putney

We include this story because it is related to the Forest Service and Gene Tully mentions Charles Shinn in his story. (A fairly complete story of Charles Shinn is in the Historian, Vol. VI, No. 3, contributed by Heidi Sturm of North Fork.) Peace Cabin was the home of Marcia Putney until she passed away in September 1965. (Again we refer you to the Historian mentioned above.)

Peace Cabin began life as one room with an immense, hungry fireplace. It was the home of Frank Malum, described as "the nicest little old Swede that ever lived". He worked for the North Fork Lumber Company where he operated the printing press that labelled the boxes. In 1902 Malum sold his homestead on the ridge that still bears his name to Charles Howard Shinn, first supervisor of the newly created Sierra National Forest. The purchase price for something over 200 acres is reported to have been \$200.00!

And thus Peace Cabin and the buildings surrounding it became the first Forest Service headquarters. A bedroom, dining room and kitchen had been added to the cabin, and the tale goes that each time a new member was added to the Forest Service staff, a new room was added on. Suffice it to say that it grew until it consisted of eight rooms, and sprawled comfortably beneath the huge black oak which shades it. Each room had (and still has) an outside entrance.

Shinn is variously described by those who knew him. To some he seemed merely eccentric; to some he was a wonderful person, and to others, not at all wonderful; and to still others he was the dearest old man. Out of all the opinions, we believe we see a scholarly man, somewhat dogmatic, something of a dreamer, a teller of tall tales, but underneath everything else, abounding in kindness and humanness. Those who found him eccentric may have done so because of his extreme deafness and the resulting apparent abstraction. It is told that when he drove his horse and buggy into town the porch warmers would yell "giddap", Shinn would yell "whoa", and the more they yelled "giddap", the more and the louder he, not being able to hear them, would yell "whoa". The horse probably suffered most by being driven two ways at once.

Shinn was an authority on trees, on which subject he had written a number of books. He also was interested in other plant life, and set out a large orchard and vineyard which, by having one of every kind of fruit and grape, denotes the novice and experimenter rather than a seasoned orchardist. But the trees and vines were precious to him, and there are still those here who tell that, as little boys, Shinn used to pay them a penny for each bird they shot out of his fruit trees.

Mrs. Shinn was some years younger than

her husband, and of her there is no divided opinion. Everyone loved her. She is described as very tall, with just enough weight to balance the height, and thoroughly aristocratic. She must have been a woman of abounding energy, for besides the duties imposed on her as the wife of the supervisor, she worked in the office, nursed an ailing brother, and in her spare time planted innumerable shrubs and flowers for hundreds of feet around the house, many of which are still flourishing. To this day people come there to get daffodils set out by Mrs. Shinn. It was she who named the place "Peace Cabin".

In addition to the quarters at North Fork, the Forest Service also maintained summer quarters at Ellis Meadow, now renamed Benedict Meadow in honor of M. A. Benedict who retired as supervisor in 1944. Many stories are told of the campfires and community affairs held there.

The Stewart Edward Whites were living at their cabin at Cold Springs Meadow, and they and the Shinnns were close friends. White had his cabin adorned with various jingles, and I had been told that some of them had found their way to Peace Cabin. I made a search through the years' conglomeration in the sheds and outbuildings, and came upon a piece of wall-board with a "Pony for Sale" sign on it. I turned it over, and there on the other side was one of these jingles, the only one I was ever able to find. The lettering was barely legible, but I traced over it and now it graces the front entrance of the cabin, where all who come are informed that:

"The dog is in the pantry,
The cat is in the lake,
The cow is in the hammock,
What difference does it make?"

The Bathtub and the Bootleggers

Following the death of Charles H. Shinn, Peace Cabin underwent ten tortuous years. It was sold first to a man named Herman, who, so far as the records show, never even made a down payment. His equity, if any, was purchased by Petey, a Portuguese from the oil fields, a rough, tough hombre who apparently failed to pay his bills or do much else that was estimable. So to Petey's rescue came a man named Shorty, also from the oil fields, and if anything, a little rougher and tougher than Petey. Shorty magnanimously bought Petey's interest, paid up his bills, and paid

off the mortgage. Or so Shorty said. At any rate we found Shorty in possession, along with some kindred spirits. Since this was the era when bootlegging was fashionable, Shorty and the kindred spirits engaged in that scientific experiment. Seeing no need for any other use of the bathtub, they made home brew in it. The porcelain didn't take kindly to this treatment, and turned a beery brown. Once an old soak, always an old soak, and no amount of scrubbing will induce it to give up its golden glow for more than a fleeting moment. It is the world's safest bathtub. You couldn't slip in it no matter how hard you tried.

Spring of 1934 found two hopefuls looking for a place to live. As they drove down the road leading to the cabin, one cried out, "This is it!" Shorty was in occupancy, with several genial companions. All had been lapping at the waves in the bathtub. We tried to talk business with Shorty, but he was having a little tongue trouble, and we hoped for better results in the morning. He very cordially invited us to spend the night in the cabin, assuring us that there was plenty of room (There are eight rooms. Remember?), but we declined the invitation and camped out. One of the genial companions entertained us during the twilight hours by waveringly firing a gun here, there and everywhere, so that we didn't know in which direction to run.

The bath water must have had an evil effect on Shorty, for he was in an ugly mood in the morning, and it was less possible to talk business with him than it had been the night before. So we moved across the canyon to another ridge where for a month we looked longingly over toward Peace Cabin. Then we braved Shorty again. He was mellowed, and probably broke. We talked business, he went back to the oil fields, and we moved in.

Getting Peace Cabin permanently away from Shorty was an ordeal. We bombarded him with letters for three months, and when we got no reply we bombarded his kindred spirits. We eventually learned the answer to his unresponsiveness. Three months is 90 days, and he had been the guest of Kern County for that length of time. We made a date to meet him in Madera, and there we learned that he was one of those coy persons who doesn't want any property showing in his name. When he found he had to have his deed

recorded, the deal was all off as far as he was concerned. We argued and we pleaded in the lawyer's office for an hour. Then I hit on the solution. "Take him around the corner and buy him a drink." Of course one drink led to another, and when it came time for the supposed host to pay the bill Shorty pulled a wad as big as the Shah's rug out of his pocket, and the host came out ahead on that one. Shorty's sales resistance was melted down, we took his deed to be recorded, and Peace Cabin became ours.

* * * * *

Big Tree

Bigtree (Sequoia Gigantea) began life in the west pasture below Peace Cabin. Through one of Charles H. Shinn's tree-planting experiments, the seed was set out and tended by Audie K. Wofford, United States Forest Service ranger and fire marshal.



Big Tree Below Peace Cabin. 1949.

Bigtree, some 4,000 feet below his natural elevation, and in a completely different environment, has, in so short a time, attained a height of about 120 feet and a diameter of four feet. Normal dimensions for his age would be 40 to 60 feet tall with a trunk six to eight inches through. His branches sweep in graceful curves from the ground to his crown. His proportions are perfect.

Even an evergreen must renew its leaves now and then. For the most part Bigtree does this in an inconspicuous manner, but some years he shows an unusual amount of brown. For months I go through all the pangs of a mother watching her child through a fever,

wondering if the child will live. He does. So far he has escaped the ravages of lightning, fire and wind. Indeed, in a windstorm it is calming to the nerves to watch how simply and unaffectedly he yields his branches to the wind sweep. Somehow one feels that the wind isn't nearly so terrifying as it seemed.

Barring accidents, Bigtree will live through 40 or 50 generations, somewhere between 5000 and 6000 A.D. It must be satisfying to a man to know that the seed he tended with such care shall see so much of life.

* * * * *

WHO KNOWS?

Does anyone know about a dairy in Madera called the Walnut Dairy? It was before 1914 but we are unable to get any information on this dairy.

* * * * *

HAVE YOU SEEN?

Have you seen the latest exhibit of the Madera County Historical Society at the Civic Center in Madera? William Wilcox, our new Treasurer, has a fine display from his large bottle collection. Also, Guy Crow has on display a complete set of cooper's tools. Mrs. Roberta Spotts and Mrs. Marilyn Neely are responsible for the arrangement of the showcases.

It is an outstanding exhibit and worth the time to stop by and view it.

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THE MADERA COUNTY HISTORIAN

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